

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



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MAY, 1934

No. 6

H. A. BEDFORDMAN '33

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*The Purple and White
Farewell Dance*

at the

Woodland Country Club

Friday, June 1, 1934



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Kevin J. Sullivan

Edward A. Supple

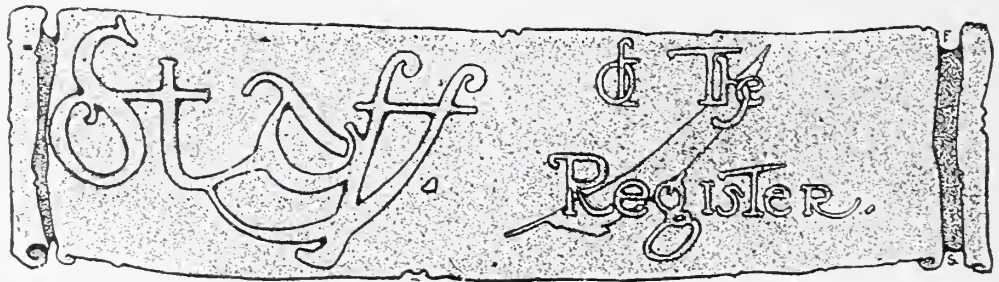
Subscription, \$2.00 per Couple

Dancing 9 to 2



"Haec in Hoc Libello Continentur"

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HENRY PENNYPACKER

(A Eulogy)

It was in the autumn of 1880 that Henry Pennypacker, a big, shy boy from a Dutch Quaker family of Westchester, Pennsylvania, following the footsteps of his father, entered Exeter Academy. During his years at Exeter, he was not distinguished especially among his classmates, and at the end of his course entered Harvard with the class of 1888. Here again, he did not attract special attention, though he

earned his "H" on the track team by putting the shot. For three years after earning his degree, he taught at Adelphi College in New York, planning to prepare himself for a supervisory position in education. All this was forgotten when he received from Doctor Merrill, Head Master of the Boston Latin School, an invitation to join his faculty.

With the opening of the term in

September, 1891, there entered a stalwart figure that brought to the old school a breath of new vigor and freshness that was to leave an indelible mark on twenty-nine generations of school boys. His first assignment was a class of little boys ranging from ten to twelve years of age. The impression that this manly, vigorous master made upon these youngsters was never forgotten and began the tradition that was "Penny" to every boy who passed through the school in his day. In his chosen field, the teaching of Greek, he ranked with the scholars and leaders, and for more than twenty years, he held forth in Room 8, which became a sanctuary of the Greek God who had consented to walk among lesser men, his royal robe a faded brown jacket, out at elbows, splashed with the red and blue and black stains from many a pen. No one else could have worn such a garment at all and maintained his hold on the class, but when "Penny" put it on in the morning, it was as though a high priest had donned his vestments.

One morning Mr. Fiske, who was then Head Master, saw "Penny" breezing into the building, shoulders swinging, head high, and said, "It's a good thing to have a man like him around here. The boys can't point to him and say, 'That's what scholarship does for you.'"

Upon the death of Mr. Fiske in 1910, Mr. Pennypacker passed from room master to head master of the Boston Latin School. From the head master's office, Mr. Pennypacker's influence reached every boy in the school, and his Monday morning assemblies marked the high point of each week. No one who heard his resonant voice rolling through the hall ever forgot, or failed to be inspired. "No, indeed,"

he would say: "let no boy within sound of my voice think of such a thing." "Of course not, a Latin School boy asks only a fair field and no favor." "You may deceive your mother or your father, but you cannot deceive the chap who looks out at you every morning from the mirror." "In the atmosphere of this place, no lie can live." "Get by! Would you like to eat an egg that just got by?" Every day, he grew in depth of character and in power to grasp and to settle the complicated questions that constantly arose. At first, a timid and stumbling tyro on the rostrum, he became one of the most fluent and pleasing public speakers. No one who heard his resonant tones pouring out that wonderful store of words and phrases could remain unaffected.

Early in 1920, Professor Grandgent came to the school in behalf of President Lowell to invite Mr. Pennypacker to take up the duties of chairman of the Committee on Admissions at Harvard College. He considered this the highest compliment that could possibly come to him. But he was loath to leave his boys, and it was with great reluctance that he finally accepted this wider field of influence. I need not dwell on this phase of his work. You all knew him. You talked with him in your schools, and you welcomed him in your family circles. You learned to respect his fairness, his sound judgment, and above all, to love him for his kind, human interest in every one of your boys who passed through his hands.

Wider and wider spread the circle of his influence as he went up and down the land, the apostle of Harvard, to tell the schools its glorious history, its opportunities, its exacting standards. It was his happy boast that wherever he went, south or west, or

to the islands of the Pacific, always he found a boy from his old Latin School to come to carry him home. The Admission Office, under his inspiration, became a most human institution, for Mr. Pennypacker could refuse a boy admission with almost as much charm as Dean Briggs used in sending a student away from the College.

Meantime, however, he had not escaped the blows of unkind fate. The long and trying illness of his beloved partner lay heavy upon his heart for many a year, but no one ever guessed from word or look of his the heavy burden of sorrow which he bore. Upon her death, God was good enough to send for his solace a happy interlude, when he was given charge of the freshmen, and was privileged to take up his living quarters in Standish Hall. Once again he began that life he loved with his boys. Succeeding classes paid homage to "Uncle Henry," came for

breakfast to his room of a Sunday morning, invited him to join their parties for the theatre. To him they could come with all their problems, sure of a sympathetic understanding and sound advice.

This happiness was all too short. Again fate dealt him a heavy blow when a physical infirmity assailed that body which had seemed so impervious to disease. But though stumbling with a cane, he held his head as high as ever, and smiled bravely in the face of the world. Never a word of complaint, never an admission that all was not well with him, and so to the seemingly untimely end. He would not have had it otherwise, but bowed in resignation to the Will of God, Whose ways he had always accepted in faith and resignation.

So passed from us a faithful and an understanding friend, a gentleman, and a scholar.

P. T. C., '89.

BEAUTY

In sun and moon, in waters blue,
In grass and plain, and mighty hill,
In tinted skies of azure hue,
In densest wood, or winding rill;
In ocean deep, in glittering bay,
In wind and rain, or wintry day,
The flames of Beauty brightly glow.



Just as Beauty Nature kneads,
In all these elemental things,
So too, in man, his thoughts, his deeds
The song of Beauty clearly rings.
For Beauty blows its sweetest breath
On all man's hopes, and words, and
dreams.
Throughout his life, from birth to
death,

The limpid light of Beauty gleams.

Thayer S. Warshaw, '36.



COLLEGE BOARDS, 1933

Even before entering the Latin School, George Spelvin learned to respect and fear the august name of the College Entrance Examination Board. When he was yet a child, his cousin was admitted to Harvard with high marks on the College Boards. Little George wondered privately at the peculiar name; what did his cousin "Bob" do, write figures on a board of wood? And what did boards have to do with Harvard, anyway? It was all very confusing. Our young hero promptly forgot the whole matter in the absorbing business of playing "cops and robbers," thus remaining in blissful ignorance.

Ever since George could remember, he had intended to go to Harvard. Some other members of his family had gone there; it was near home; it usually beat Yale in football; so from a very early age he had it drilled into him that that was the place for him. George himself did not give the matter much thought beyond harboring a secret feeling once every few years that perhaps Yale would be better, since Harvard always lost in basketball. But then, basketball was only a minor sport; and, on the whole, our hero's early training was too strong to allow him to indulge in such heresies. There was a queer thing that George noticed: every time his father would talk with friends or relatives about the future college for the youngster, he would say, "Oh, he'll get in all right if he gets good marks on the College Boards." Again those College Boards; again George wondered; and again he forgot the matter, this time not in playing "cops and robbers," but in listening to the radio broadcast of the baseball game—for to this stage he had advanced with the years.

* * * * *

It is the sad and painful duty of every biographer to record the facts about his subject's school life. I, luckily, am spared this troublesome task, for George went to the Latin School. There had been a family council on the subject, and it was decided that he would stand the best chance of getting into Harvard from that school. Straightway our hero, who was rather bright, became absorbed in his school work to the exclusion of almost every other subject. He and his schoolmates were transformed into the typical Sixth Classmen. They would stage shrill and animated discussions on the street cars about Latin forms and algebraic formulas, to the utter discomfort of the adult passengers. They learned to spout glibly the entrancing and significant terms of "Dec," "marks," "flunk," "appro," and math." They abbreviated every term and nicknamed every teacher. It was not until later that they graduated from this stage and talked only about baseball players. In short, George went to the Latin School. In the two lower classes, he had the vague idea that the College Boards were something one had to "pass" to get into college. His budding intellect was not yet burdened with the knowledge that they were the "raison d'être."

In Class IV, he was slightly shocked to discover that the "B" boys, to whom he had always felt slightly superior, were his equals in every way. By this time he still had a mind of his own, and consequently made life rather miserable for his teachers by asking all kinds of embarrassing ques-

tions, the answers to which are not required by the College Boards. By this time, also, his zeal for learning had cooled to a considerable degree, and he was started on the way to becoming the self-centered prig necessary for getting along. One day in his English period, the light finally dawned upon him. He discovered that the College Boards were simply a set of examinations taken at the end of the Junior and Senior years to admit one to college. It was carefully explained to him that to pass them was his main purpose in life. They were the cause and result of everything he had to do, the goal of every Latin School student. Hereafter he should not complain when his justified protests were answered by the stock and all-powerful sentence: "The College Boards require it."

The Third Class brought him one step nearer the final Days of Judgment. Heretofore, I have said nothing about George's mnemonic ability. He was what passes in the Latin School as a good scholar, having his marks average about seventy-five. And all the time he was becoming more and more aware of the fact that he was in for it. He did not study overmuch, but resolved comfortably that next year he would study; next year, the big year. He still used the full name "College Boards," and felt rather injured when he heard the patronizing upperclassmen refer to the "Boards." But even these same overbearing Juniors and Seniors were somewhat frightened and tried to appear contemptuous by using the abbreviated form. One day he overheard two upper-classmen groaning at the thought of the rapidly approaching "Boards." They were obviously very much worried about their fate. George was both surprised and indignant. If they did their work faithfully during the year, thought our hero, what have they to fear from some trifling examination? After all, the tests taken every day are examinations, but on a smaller scale. Virtuously, he resolved that HE would not be afraid. His attitude was one of kindly benevolence to all examinations in general, and the College Boards in particular.

Then came Class II, the great year, ushered in by a surprising facility in using the term "Boards." George had a serious talk with his father about really getting down to work now, and he really intended—at some future date, of course—to study long and hard. Then he made the fortunate discovery, in the course of conversation with some friends, that no special study was required; you should just go along doing your work, and the "Boards" would take care of themselves. For some peculiar reason, speculations began flitting through his brain as to where he would go if he did not get into Harvard. Spelvin, Senior, tried to reassure him with the heavy declaration that "if he doesn't pass the College Boards, no one else will." But then George thought of the various apocryphal, but nevertheless dismal, stories of boys who received 90's in school and then flunked the "Boards." Speculations as to how his friend would fare filled his mind. Wouldn't it be funny, he thought, if HE should fail and that "dumb" Spiffins passed!

It was announced in January that his Class would take two examinations in mathematics instead of the Comprehensive. Hot arguments raged pro and con among the boys, with none of them knowing just what it was all about. George, a rugged individualist, declared that it was an outrage,

and maintained that a boy could not be forced to take any examination he didn't want to; he even threatened to take the whole set of exams elsewhere. About the same time, the names of the boys receiving high marks were published in the REGISTER. George marvelled, recognized some of the names, and wondered idly whether his name would be there next year.

It was at this time, also, that George went through another phase of his emotional reactions to the College Boards. He revolted! In the English class he held forth at great length about the absurdity of judging a boy's fitness to enter college on a few hours of writing, when his whole knowledge could not be tested and when his state of mind at the particular moment meant possibly his whole future. He looked up the subject of "Examinations" in various source-books, and learned that many educators were dissatisfied with the College Board examinations and that they might be abolished. This idea made him inordinately happy, and he fervently hoped that THIS year would be the year.

The school term was rapidly drawing to a close, and it became customary for examinations of previous years to be given out as home-lessons. To George's surprise, they were not so hard—after the answers were given. Our hero, who was by now considerably less heroic and could sympathize with the boys he had scorned a year ago, began to formulate plans for the week of the "Boards." He would go on a special diet of milk, vegetables, and other wholesome foods; he would take a walk for an hour every evening and go to bed at nine o'clock; take a gross of pencils and erasers into every examination; wear his old, tattered sweater for luck; and study for days and days at a time. The rest of the year and the examinations themselves were like a dream.

June . . . German and French vocabulary sheets, thousands of words to memorize and repeat, day after day, for hours at a time . . . Latin Review . . . more sheets, forms, syntax, verbs . . . Math review of starred propositions, formulas, problems; the sickening fear of the last problems in Algebra and Geometry; the faint feeling at the thought of what would happen if a "work" problem should be given . . . Dreams: one night of getting all "90's," the next of failing miserably, and the unspeakable relief of waking and finding that it was only a dream . . . Study, study, work, work, work: the atmosphere of tension and the forced attempts to be humorous; the mad rush to get home after school, in order not to miss a minute from studying sheets and notebooks; no exercise, no recreations or diversions; nothing but endless hours of looking at print and then repeating by heart . . . Just a few weeks more . . . The yellow admittance slip; terror at the thought of losing it; the attempt to make some meaning out of the Group Number 228198; the vain search to find a grammatical error or misplaced comma in the literature sent; relieved feeling that he had all Wednesday to study for the French on Thursday, and the depressed feeling that on two days came four exams . . .

The last days . . . Handing in of textbooks, final advice by teachers, parents . . . Sunday night: friends calling in auto to take a ride; objections by parents overridden. Where are his fine resolutions? . . . Dismal "jokes" by friends; tension; long ride; finally bed at eleven; tossing about fitful slum-

ber . . . Monday morning. Algebra: electric atmosphere in school; final good wishes from teachers; choice of seat in examination room; agonized wait for nine o'clock to come; disappointment and chagrin at only one proctor, after all he had heard about strictness; feeling of joyous exultation at the easy examination; careful checking of problems; departure from room and feverish comparison of answers with friends . . . Almost all correct!! Hurray! . . . A careless error: a fervent curse, !*!@*!*

The same process for a whole week; and then, suddenly, he realized—almost with a feeling of regret—that he was through! No more for another year! A vacation in store! And with a feeling of emptiness, George went to polish the car.

Albert Damon, '34.

ON FRIENDSHIP

Friends, like the tides, will always
 come and go;
 True friendships are as precious as
 pure gold.
 And ah, how fine the two friends to
 behold
 As down the sheltered stream in peace
 they row!
 Their thoughts, as gently as the win-
 ter's snow,
 Sincere in every phrase with candor
 told,
 From unexplored deeps themselves un-
 fold,
 Revealing in true light the things they
 know.
 Such friends, I pray that we may al-
 ways be;
 I pray that we within the whirling
 years
 Of life's mad pace may to each other
 cling,
 That we each grief in common view
 may see.
 May we from pulsing hearts keep all
 base fears,
 Till we to Him still hearts devoutly
 bring.



Robert H. Parker, '34.

STUDENT, POET, AND THIEF

Scene I.

Paris: A street. A smooth, white blanket of snow covers all. The reflection of the moon upon the white street casts a sinister light upon two figures—one, a thin, cowering figure, with threadbare coat and sallow cheeks; the other, a tall, firm-stepping person, shoulders hunched under a thick, black coat. A few large snow-flakes sift listlessly to the ground. The atmosphere is still. It is bitter cold. The figures approach each other. The bent one stops and half turns toward the other; the other keeps on.

Thin One: No. Like the rest, no. The first was a woman—she screamed and ran. Then it was a drunken sot, who cursed and threw, perhaps a franc, at me. The cursed fool. I dug in the icy snow till my hands bled; and then I dug until all the snow was red, as though a pack of wolves had feasted there; but there was no money. Why doesn't the wind howl to break the silence? Not even the wolves are out—only I . . . No, there is that wretch in the snow back there—dead. (*Flings hands about; stamps feet.*) What a huge chain that old codger wore. Bah! If I had but a club, it would have been mine . . . He said "No" as though he owed me money. The fool! . . . There are the wolves; they have found my tracks! I must hurry—or else—oh, my feet! My stomach gnaws—each step stabs my heart. (*Falls to ground.*)

(*Two figures appear out of the darkness. They laugh aloud and walk toward the lifeless figure.*)

Taller Figure: Ha, ha! He joked and drank and showed me his purse with five francs! I clapped him on the back; and when he fell asleep I took his purse. Ha, ha, ha! Just wait

till he—. Here, Gui, look there . . . Another poor wretch . . . Listen, the wolves. Come, let us take his purse before the beasts take their fill.

Gui (Kneeling): Here, Colin, help me push the wretch over—*Ventre de biche!* It's Francois!

Colin: Villon! Boutique! Come, lift him; we shall take him to Philippe's. Pierre may have awakened and discovered the loss of his purse. We shall take him to Margot's. But first, his purse—to pay for our services . . . Come, now, the howls of the wolves are closer.

Scene II.

A typical thieves' lair. Low-ceiling room; scattered chairs and tables. Heavy, choking clouds of smoke. Loud guffaws. Curses, card games. Whiskey bottles. Dozing figures. Eight or nine men and one huge, ugly, leering woman—Margot.

Andre: Look! Carnier's drunk with love. Ha, ha! Love! She has money, and she's as ugly as you, Margot. Ha, ha, and he says he loves her. Ha, ha, ha!

Margot: Shut up!—Love!—It's his bad luck at cards. He's snoring his love, already. Here, Tigny, you fat slob—and you, Nicolai, take his purse and throw him out! . . . What, no purse! *Le matin!*—Take the chain from around his throat!

(*They drag the slumped figure of Carnier toward the door, which is suddenly thrown open. Colin and Gui enter bearing Villon. Carnier is dropped to the floor.*)

Andre: Moncorbier! The hangman's noose was too small! . . . Here, place him on the table.

Margot: Here, this will warm him. (*Pours whiskey between his lips.*)

Andre: Can this be the same Villon? How sunken his cheeks are. He is as thin as Louis is fat. Francois, Francois, awake and give us a verse! Ah, he awakes. Margot, some food.

Margot: Who is to pay for it? I feed no vagabonds! Already, I have given you wine and whiskey. You have money—you pay—ha, you turn away . . . He'll do without food.

Villon: No, even they say no. Curse you, my friends.

Tigny: Ha, ha! It is Villon. He is strong enough to curse. Come, Francois, sit up and give us a verse.

Nicolas: Ha, ha, Villon has a rival. Tigny, your verses are as harsh as the bark of the wolves.

(Villon sits up.)

Colin: So, Villon, you have again escaped the hangman—and this time by your verses.

Villon: Yes, my cursed verses save my life for the wolves and hunger. But they do not bring me food.

Tigny: Carnier, the lover, has awakened. Ha, ha, Francois, write him some rhymes for his loved one.

Villon (Pulls paper from pocket): Here, here are some verses that saved me my neck. Maybe they'll win you a throat.

Tigny: Throat! Her chins hide her throat!

Andre: Francois, you are pale as death. Have you no money for some food?

Villon: Food? I have forgotten the taste of it. Money? I have forgotten the feel of it. *(Colin and Gui look uneasily at each other)* I have only my verses.

Margot: Well, rhymes won't buy you bread, although they did buy your life.

Villon: Yes, they bought my life,

but at a dear price . . . I am *(sadly)* banished from Paris. This night I am supposed to be hundreds of leagues from this spot . . . For ten years must my pen be idle . . . For how can I write away from Paris? . . . Better to starve here with the pen in my hand—under the hangman's noose . . . Tell me, Tabarie, have you seen or heard of "ma cherie, Rose?"—and what of Macee?

Gui: No, I know nothing of either. I do not go to them for fear of the gendarmes, and they have never come to find you . . .

Villon: I might have known. I have written a hundred verses for Macee and another batch for Rose . . . Here, Margot, you may have them for your fire. *(Takes papers from coat; hands to Margot.)*

Margot (Takes papers): Here, Carnier, for your flame! Ha, ha!

Villon (Laughs, and then leans forward feverishly): Colin, Colin, there are the wolves again . . . They shriek because they have lost their prey . . . Do you hear, Colin?

Colin: No, Villon, it is the wind. Come, sit here and write your verses. *(Motions to a chair.)*

Gui: Yes, Villon, write rhymes. And tonight we shall bear your poems to Hermoise, and he shall find them in place of his gold! Ha, ha, ha!

Villon (Deliriously): Ha, ha—verses in place of gold!—Ha, ha, ha!

Colin (In undertone): He is delirious—the "danse Macabre" . . .

(Villon turns suddenly toward Colin and then falls forward. Colin and Gui catch him and place him upon a table. A whiskey bottle is pushed away. It falls to the ground and breaks.)

Margot: The fool!

Andre (bends over Villon): Fran-

cois! Francois! (*Mutters*) *The hangman's noose is large!*

Tigny: Come, Carnier, your mistress awaits thee . . . (*Exeunt Tigny and Carnier.*)

Colin: Villon has written his last verses!

Villon (*Attempting to rise*): Yes—Villon has written—his last—verses . . . I feel the hangman's jealous stare—upon—my back—oh—maman! *Clutches at pocket and falls back.*)

Gui: He's dead.

Colin: Yes, he's dead.

Margot: See what he has in his pockets—for my whiskey.

Gui (*Searching Villon's pockets*): Here, there is nothing . . . Here—ah, here is a purse—

Colin: Matin! It is mine! The scoundrel!

Gui (*Still searching*): The fool! Look here—a picture, framed in gold! It might have saved his life! . . . Look,

she is ugly, too—and fat . . .

Colin (*Looks over Gui's shoulder: points to picture*): Can this be the Macee of whom he spoke?

Gui: Pfaw! Macee is beautiful!

Colin (*Scrutinizes photograph*): No, this is inscribed "maman."

Margot (*Impatiently snatches picture*): Here—the picture is mine for the wine and whiskey. (*A leaf of paper flutters from the picture and falls to the floor.*)

Gui (*Picking it up, glances at it*): And here—here is another of his verses. (*Reads aloud.*)

"Ne soiez donc de nostre confrairie; Mais priez Dieu que tous nous veuille absouldre!"

(Folk, mock us not that are forspent and dead;

The rather pray, God grant us His grace!)

Sidney Sulkin.

AFTERNOON SERENADE

The cymbals of the lilacs crashed
Into the slender piccolo of the wind
With a purple road,
And echoed a while in the dim corri-
dors

Of the wind,
Then crashed again beneath
The yellow drumsticks of the sun.
The grasses wailed in violin tune.
And from the puffy dandelions
I heard a faint pianissimo
As though a shadow with phantom
fingers
Had hungered for feathery sound.

W. Conley, '37.





"Dunbar & Co!" Families are corporations! Paul Lawrence says so and proves it in this side-splitting tale of inconsequential mirth and wisdom. Six college graduates, all brothers, and an old, practical—(and absent-minded)—professor, as father, apply their training to the raising of hogs, in a systematic, schoolroom manner!

Aristotle finds himself a text for the cultivation of hog-fodder . . . Euclid is concerned with supplying the demand for hog-pen constructions and Ovid is the book of etiquette, showing how pigs are **not** to be raised . . . Well, humans are like that.

* * *

Bits

Look to Ellery Queen for the best types of baffling mystery yarns—he

challenges you in the middle and then shows how dumb you are . . . Stephen Leacock, humorist to the teeth, out with a serious "Life of Dickens"—well, you never can tell . . . Which reminds us that "Good Earth" is still up among the second-best sellers—read it, if you haven't already. An article in the "Mercury" gives statistics to show that Mark Twain is still the most widely read American author . . . See if you can get "Dunbar & Co." . . . Just a few weeks ago, Emil Ludwig was lamenting the fact that all biographies and memoirs were of great personages. Well, Morley has solved the problem in "Human Being." . . . And "Anthony Adverse" is not what it's dressed out to be. You get your money's worth in paper!

Sidney Sulkin.



LITERARY ODDITIES

The end of another year is here; and we are not going to make you read the time-worn words "Another year has passed, and what have we accomplished. . . etc." (By the way, what have we accomplished?) However, we shall try to give you a happy farewell to this year's REGISTER.

Dr. Johnson, of the far-famed vitriolic tongue, is known to have received the worst of a verbal encounter very, very infrequently. Knowing the significance of such a victory, a Scotch family cherishes an anecdote of his trip to Scotland. Having stopped at the house for a meal, he was helped to the national dish. "Dr. Johnson," said the hostess, "what do you think of our Scotch broth?" "Madam," was the answer, "in my opinion, it is only fit for pigs." "Then have some more," said the woman. . . . While Lord Brampton, one of England's wittiest jurors, was still Sir Henry Hawkins, he presided over a long and very uninteresting trial. In the middle of one of the many protracted and wearying speeches, he wrote a note and sent it, by an usher, to the barrister then speaking. "Gold medal—Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable Mention—Job." The barrister's oratory promptly died out. . . . Zaro Agha, 156-year-old Turk, says that he is not bored yet. . . . Edgar Allan Poe, when he first offered "The Raven" to a publisher, was given \$15 as "charity." He later sold the poem for \$10. Its present value is \$200,000. . . . "For mixed companies, a whale is one of the best and the easiest things to talk about that I know of. In regard to whales and their peculiarities you can make almost any assertion without fear of successful contradiction. Nobody knows any more about them than you do. You

are not hampered by facts. If someone mentions the blubber of the whale and you chime in say it may be noticed for miles on a still day when the large but emotional creature has been moved to tears by some great sorrow coming into its life, everybody is bound to accept the statement. For, after all, how few among us really know whether a distressed whale sobs aloud or does so under its breath? The possibilities of the proposition for purposes of informal debate are apparent at a glance."—Irvin S. Cobb . . . Found in an old Salem paper: "We understand the number of deaths in this town the past year was 234, of which 15 died abroad." . . . Dryden and Otway lived opposite each other in Queen Street. Otway, coming one night from the tavern, chalked upon Dryden's door: "Here lives John Dryden, he is a wit." Dryden knew his handwriting, and next day chalked on Otway's door: "Here lives Tom Otway, he is opposite." . . . Oliver Cromwell usually said the following grace before meals: "Some people have food but no appetite; others have an appetite but no food. I have both. The Lord be praised!" or words to that effect. . . . When Alexander III. was Czar of Russia, he wrote on the margin of a document concerning a political prisoner: "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." The Czarina, taking up a pen, struck out the semicolon after "impossible" and put it before the word. The indorsement then read, "Pardon; impossible to be sent to Siberia." The Czar let it stand. . . . Sidney Smith, while looking through the hot-house of a lady who was very proud of her flowers and who had a habit of using inaccurately a profusion of botanical terms, in-

quired of her, "Madam, have you the 'septennis psoriasis'?" "No," said she, "I had it last winter, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the spring." For non-medical readers it may be noted that "septennis psoriasis" is the "seven-year itch!" . . . In one of his translations of Shakespeare's plays, Voltaire translated a passage in which a young man declared his intention to carve for himself a fortune with his sword as follows: "What care I for lands? With my sword I will make a fortune cutting meat!" . . . When Bismarck made the acquaintance of his last doctor, he was sick and peevishly declined to answer questions. "As you like," said the doctor; "then send for a veterinary surgeon, as such practitioners treat their patients without asking them any questions." The Chancellor was captured . . . Calvin Coolidge, known for his reticence, remarked upon the times, once, in the "New York Herald-Tribune," as follows: "The future may be better or worse." . . . Lincoln is said to have replied as follows to a letter asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph: "Dear Madam: When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always enclose a stamp. There's your sentiment and here's your autograph." . . . In my young days," says Mr. A. J. Swinburne in "Memories of a School Inspector," a rural schoolmistress entirely misinterpreted my kindness, which was prompted by a desire to quiet her nervousness. I asked her, in as pleasant a voice as I could sum-

mon, if she could have the children recite on the 'Reindeer.' She replied, simpering, 'I have a lesson on clouds and one on mist, but I'm sorry but I have none on rain'." . . . There was a time, long ago, when school authorities were not afraid to be grimly humorous. During the last half of the last century, the following announcement appeared one day in a New York newspaper:

FLUSHING INSTITUTE

Dear Boys: Trouble begins

September 15

E. A. Fairchild,

Headmaster.

. . . Then there is the story of the boy who was asked by a master whether he had proved a certain proposition. "Well, sir," he answered, "proved is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable." . . . And so we could go on, and on, and on. But the oil is burning low and soon will go out. (Incidentally, this is a bit of the time-honored stuff that we read about "dead-lines" and "last issues" and such) . . . Hoping that you have received some enjoyment, no matter how small, from this column, we shall close with this little quotation from Juvenal. If you are somewhat of a scribbler, albeit unsuccessful, take heart, and if successful, take heed:

"So, since the world with writing is possessed,

I'll versify in spite, and do my best
To make as much waste paper as the rest."

Vale!

Sherwood D. Fox, '35.



RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



March 12. At an assembly of Classes 1, 2, and 3, Mr. Levine appealed to the patriotism, school spirit and generosity of all individuals to do their bits (four) to support that coclossal, that stupendous, that gigantic publication, "The Latin School Register." . . . Many students are trying out for the hurling berth of "Herr Choch's" nine. These hopefuls have been keeping fit during the off-season by participating in chalk-throwing contests. . . . A fellow in 220 fainted and was rushed to the hospital with a cute appendix.

March 13. The fellow in 220 is back in school today. The cute appendix was only spoofing him. . . . Believe it or not, your correspondent, while snooping about, discovered a budding poet in the ranks of the faculty. Guess who!

March 14. Attention, Senior Class!! When you are faced by question one of the English College Board "on that not June day," remember Mr. What-Does-It-Modify!! . . . The circus encamped in the drill hall. There is a daily performance starting at 2.30 sharp. Two freaks were ejected today

for nearly beaming the coach. Tough luck, boys! And while we're on the subject, what master swings his legs completely around (a la Freddy Fitzsimmons) when bowling? The answer would bowl you over, but we would be pinned to the mat for disclosing faculty secrets.

March 15. Shades of Everett High!! Some boy prodigy, affected by the heat or the food, set off a miniature stick of T. N. T. in the lunch room. Your correspondent (who is never more than five feet away from food) swallowed a hot dog bodily. He's been barking ever since. If the R. R. R. gets too growly, you'll know it's the dog in him. Get along, little doggies! Git along!

March 16. The football pictures were finally given out. What mugs!! Seven spectators witnessed the thrilling battle between the B. L. S. and the Alumni (Harvard Freshmen) Debating teams at the Harvard Union. Five of the eye-witnesses came to see Wrnick. B. L. S. was represented by Wernick, Daunt, and Archer, and Harvard by Nexon, Finkelstein and Dean. No decision was rendered. However, the seventh spectator, a freshman who thought he was attending a biology course, informed us that the price of corn had gone up three cents a bushel. . . . Then there's the fellow who thinks it's Christmas every time Mr. Snow comes around.

March 17. St. Patrick's Day. . . . A swimming team representing Milton V. S. floated about the Pawtucket pool this afternoon. The relay team broke the interscholastic record for one-arm paperhangers.

March 19. Mr. Lucian Price of the editorial staff of the Boston Globe addressed the higher classes on the value

of the classics, and we agreed with him in every particular (we missed the Latin period). . . . Mr. Hinchman, well known in educational circles, gave a very instructive talk to the survivors of the Literary club on the Westminster School in England. The English dandies would be jolly good fellows if they did not wear derbies and mutilate their "a's" and "h's." The average English lad knows so little about America that he thinks that grizzly bears invade the cities each evening. If they were only acquainted with the man-eating ogre and unmerciful sharks of the Latin School who eat human flesh mixed with dried bones, they would have a slight conception of the horrors in wild and woolly U. S. A.

March 20. Alas! Alack!! The inspiration of a certain Class Three German division has been removed, when the statue of Venus was taken from its customary stand in 301, the indignant pupils refused point-blank to take a test. Ho hum. The Inner Circle has been postponed again. The opening date of its two-hour run at B. L. S. has been set as April 27. The play has just finished a two weeks' successful engagement in Kempler, Mo. The box office returns: two hairpins, three ginger ale bottles, empty; and an old shoe, size 16.

March 21. A third classman found a dollar bill in the corridor. Like a true Latin schoolboy, he turned it into the office. A short time later, he woke up to the fact that he had dropped the money himself. We thought absent-mindedness was confined to professors. . . . What is this world coming to? ? Archer studied the wrong history biographies. However, he got by on past knowledge or something. . . . Applications for those ever-nearing

nightmares, the college board examinations, were filled out today.

March 22. Mr. Winslow is bubbling over! He found out that last Sunday night "Eddie" Cantor cracked one of his pet pokes. He has started a law suit against Eddie for plagiarism. Mr. Winslow threatens to call his classes for the last twenty years as witnesses. . . . The library is again the scene of much sponging. Spring football practice is under way in 307. The O'Callaghan-to-Davis Forward pass is doing nicely, thank you. . . . Robert P. Sullivan's company has been chosen to represent the school at Army Day, April 7, at the Boston Arena.

March 23. A meeting of the Glee Club was postponed. However, the school was by no means peaceful and quiet. The bugle corps had a competition in 326, and such a racket you never heard. To add to the confusion of the third floor, a couple of miniature bombs were set off near 304 by political factions. The culprit has bribed up to conceal his identity. However, if we receive a substantial reward, we might be willing to doublecross him. Speaking of noise, did you know that the quietest place in the world is a bowling alley? You can hear many a pin drop.

March 26. The Debating Society held an unimportant meeting this afternoon. A high-falutin' member of the aforesaid organization who hails from 220 refused to divulge the subject of the debate; but graciously admitted that no decision was rendered. . . . Classes 5, 6, and 4, assembled for the eighth time. Need we remind you that the chuckers are still warming up their flingers in the cellar "Rubinoff" Steinberg, 333, has an excellent eight-piece orchestra which is willing to entertain any time, and place, at reason-

able rates. (This statement was solicited and paid for.)

March 27. From 12.47-1.47 was devoted to a huge spelling bee. Some of us feel that we were badly stung by this hornet. Some of the easier words were: Pseudodisestablishmentarianism, ankylostomiasis, and o'connorokeechekokocatchecatcheconungo.

March 28. The Humor Issue was issued. Are you laughing? Huh? Cody, a usually sober hard-working lab assistant, so forgot himself as to laugh at one of the tales, or maybe Mr. Shea was feeding him laughing gas. Captain Sullivan's soldaten are practicing daily in the drill hall at 12.30 P. M. for their trick exhibition at the Arena April 7. So far their manoeuvres resemble a free-for-all; but it is expected that they will soon be whipped into top form. The drum corps has been shunted into the bull pen while the kadets practice. An unknown artist has been showing his wares in the corridor near 214. Will the blushing violet please speak up and claim ownership of his masterpieces? Such modesty is unusual.

March 30. Good Friday.

April 2. At an upper school assembly Mr. Powers explained the college units; but he failed to explain how to get 90 on each board. Why not try our formula? It has never failed. Throw salt over your left shoulder at the full moon. Bring along a rabbit's foot, four horseshoes, and seven four-leaf clovers. Study eight hours outside of school every day. Review automatically all courses. . . . The south side door has been painted a pretty battleship gray. Evidently the artists do not pay strict attention in their English classes. This is shown by the sign "Paint" adorning one portal. . . .

Matzos and other Pessach food were much in evidence.

April 3. The first infield practice was held in the back-yard. With the great "Choch" Fitzgerald batting them out, the various aspirants whipped the old apple around the sacks. . . Sixth Class Teach: Define "Picnic," Zahka. Zahka: A picnic is a day set apart to better acquainted with ants, bugs, mosquitoes and poison ivy.

April 4. Batting practice was held at Fens Stadium. Maybe it was the midseason form of the hurlers; at any rate, the batters could not have "hit" "Man Mountain" Dean with a snow shovel.

April 5. Woe is me! Woe is me! The time draws near when we'll have to dig up ten greenbacks for the college boards. Imagine, we pay them for the privilege of failing an exam. . . . Berman showed some lantern slides of something or other in 216. He characterized his own show as "Not so good." Did you know that one out of every three English High students were once U. G.'s at B. L. S.?

April 6. Jewish holiday. Very little school. . . . The three debaters who invaded the sacred portals of South Boston High and opposed the 'Southie' speakers in a torrid contest are very eager to see their names in print: Parker, J. A. Sullivan and Nolan. Okay, boys? . . . The Beavers and the Muskrats engaged in a friendly tiff this afternoon at the Fens. Mr. Fitzgerald later cut the baseball squad to 40. . . . Wernick, Abelow and Damon remained home from school to collaborate on a class prophecy. Copy, Walter Winchell.

April 7. Captain Sullivan's trick company drilled excellently at the Arena this afternoon. The school

ought to be proud of this unit. . . . Baseball uniforms were issued today.

April 9. Professor Seaver, M. I. T., Latin School, 1896, gave a very delightful talk on art. His words were so effective that we have already changed the color scheme in our room. Uh. . . . Class I will have its first annual spread at the City Club, April 19, at 7.30. \$1.65 per stomach.

April 10. We have set aside this day to publish sadly neglected Alumni News. Thus: Alumni news from no-

where (with apologies to Wufte Teekly).

April 11. The baseball team left school for Groton at 10.30 A. M. After eating a hearty lunch, they shel-lacked their hosts, 17-3.

And now without further ado, let us reveal the perpetrators of these monstrosities.

Yours for a bigger and beter

Avingra Egisterra Eporterra.

P. S. Class Day, Friday, April 13. It looks as if this is the bad luck class.

John F. Casey Jr. '34 ? ? ?
Jana A. Schmittkind '35'



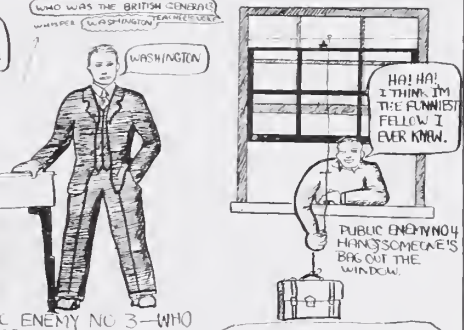
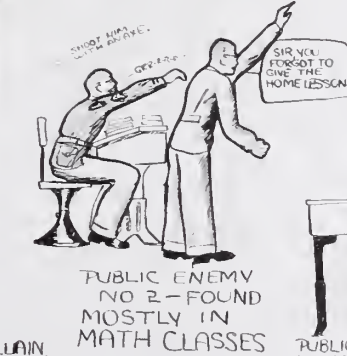
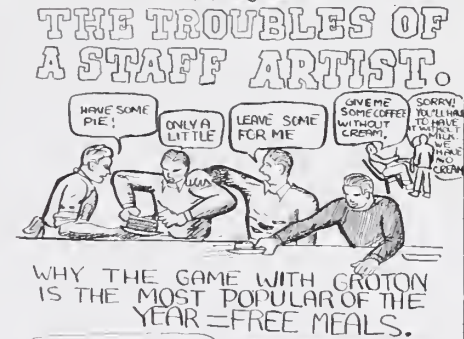
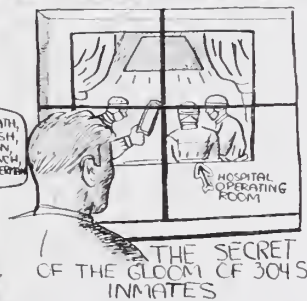
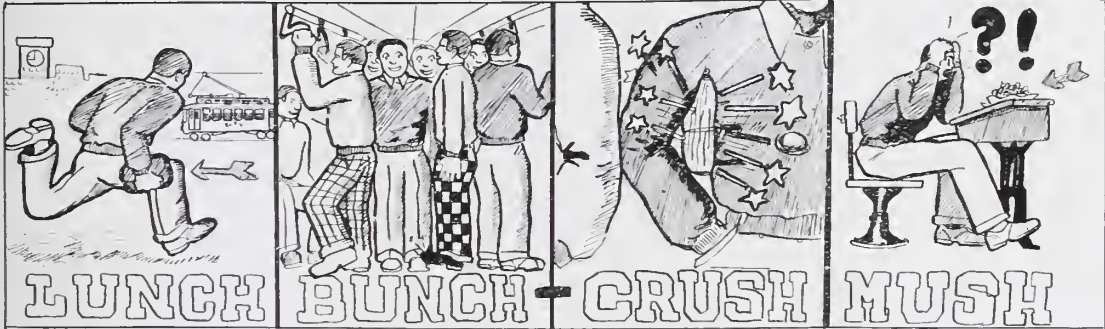
THE TRUTH

I saw a treeless stump
And gazed in raptured joy;
They asked me what I saw;
I could not tell—
It wasn't true.
They couldn't see
What I had seen.
They couldn't know
That there I stood
Beneath their tired gaze. . .
They saw a rotten stump;
They saw a mangled brow,
Crushed in Life's huge fist;
They saw a lack of hope,
The end of love,
They saw a rotten stump.

I saw the stump
That they had seen,
Scornful 'neath the rabid gale;
I saw a hand,
The hand of Man,
Distort the withered face and laugh.
I felt that scourge upon my back
And knew
The hand of Man.
I saw a tree
That once had been
Bow beneath the breeze's kiss;
I saw a hand,
The Hand of God,
Caress the boughs and phantom leaves;
I felt that hand upon my brow
And knew
The Hand of God. . . .

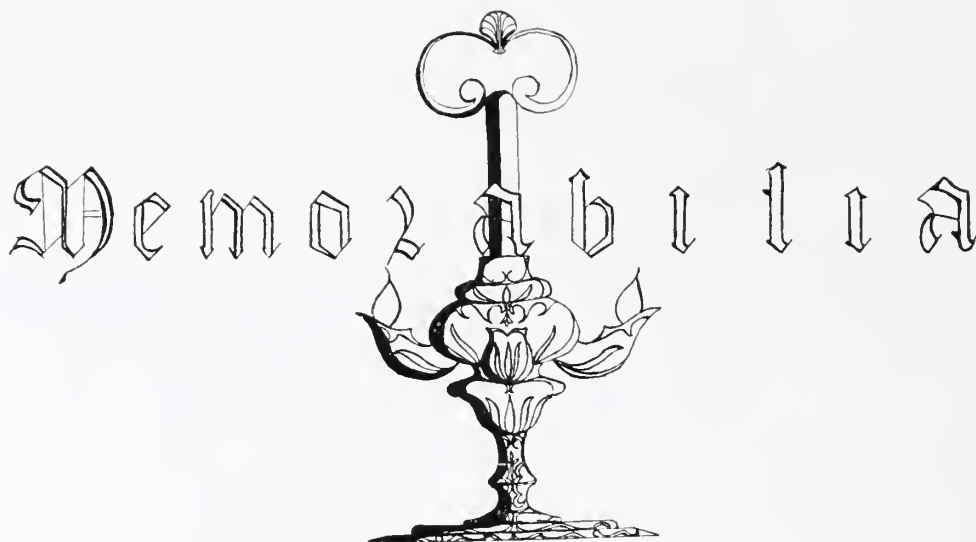
S. Sulkin, '35

DAYS OF DAZE



PUBLIC ENEMY NO 1 - THE VILLAIN WHO FINDING A LOCKER KEY IN IT LOCKS THE KEY AND THEN TELLS IT TO THE PRINCIPAL

AL CURRAN '34



THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE REGISTER

April, 1909: "The plumb line, which is so much discussed in the Physics class, sometimes gets twisted and occasionally lands in an English or Latin recitation. Strange to say, it never misses the center of gravity of every student in the class. Many are puzzled over it, but the phenomenon is still unexplained . . . The class-pins, which have been received, were conspicuous by their absences in some cases. They are a great temptation to the "harpies" in Dorchester and Roxbury. Watch out, boys! . . . We were recently informed by one of the more brilliant physics experts of B. L. S., that if a stone is thrown into the air, it will return to the earth again . . . Bravo!!!"

April, 1914: No. 1: "We have a new machine which, by means of a pedal attachment, a fulcrumed lever converts a vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disc that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disc, and when the speed of the driving arbor is moderate, the peri-

phery of the apparatus is travelling at a high velocity. Work is done on this periphery. Pieces of the hardest steel are by mere impact reduced to any shape the skilled operator desires. And—" No. 2: "Wait a minute; what is it?" No. 1: "Grindstone!"

April, 1919: "The fact that Patrick Henry was married might have added stimulus to his fervid exclamation—'Give me liberty, or give me death!'"

We always laugh at teachers' jokes,
No matter what they be,
Not because they're funny,
But because it's policy.

April, 1924: "I think the 'Filet Mignon' is the loveliest opera I ever heard."

Blackmail, my dears, does not mean letters of mourning. . . A heartrending task is to attempt to spell "noon" backwards . . . When she asks me how many lumps I'll have in my tea, I says, "I'll take mine smooth, please!"

Of all the sad surprises,
There's nothing to compare
With treading in the darkness
On a step that isn't there.

(No April issue in 1928-1929).

J. A. Sullivan, '34.

NOTES ON SOME OF OUR RECENT ALUMNI

Do you remember "Willy" Kaplan, the Editor-in-Chief two years ago? Upon my calling him up at the dormitories, he informed me that he was in his second year at Harvard, was majoring in mathematics, and was going to graduate next year. As for outside activities, he is, he says, "so busy doing the course in three years that I can't do much else." However, he is "doing much work in the music department," and is a member of the Liberal Club at Harvard. At this juncture he asked if there was still a math club, and upon being informed that there was not, he said to tell "them": "There oughtta be a Math Club!"

"Mike" Linenthal, well-known editor of last year, is also at Harvard, and is active in the Harvard Dramatic Club. Quite a while ago he was a member of the Harvard group that played in conjunction with Wellesley students in Dryden's "All for Love." More recently, he played one of the "leads" in "Hayfever" in Wheaton, with Wheaton students. Now he is studying his part in a new play, to be given in May.

As you may have seen in the papers, Thomas Bilodeau is the president of the Freshman Class at Harvard. Richard Odiorne is—or was—on the Tech newspaper.

But what kind of column of Alumni Notes would this be without the celebrated "Iggy" O'Gorman, Jr.? Upon calling him up, I heard him being summoned with shouts of "Telephone! Telephone!" and presently there was a clump, clump, clump, and there he was at the other end of the wire. Asked what he was doing now, he answered

that he was now "in the publishing business in Boston, as Associate Editor of the "Playhouse," a theatrical magazine which started last year and just recently passed its fifty-second issue, running up its circulation from zero to 3800-4000 a week, and by the way, do you remember the letter from George Santayana in the Alumni issue two years ago?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, he has written me several times since then, and wishes to be remembered to everybody."

At this point I asked him if it was true, as Odiorne had said, that he was really running the "Playhouse." I was informed in an unexpected burst of modesty that the state was "true, of course. As Associate Editor, all the credit goes to you and none of the blame." Several other Latin School boys are with him on the paper, including G. I. Frazier, '28.

After his graduation in the Class of '32, O'Gorman became associated with Vantine's for a while as "consultant technician" on such things as Year Book pictures for the various high schools and colleges. Since then, he has done a little broadcasting, mostly as a Master of Ceremonies, in connection with his theatrical work, also some publicity directing, and "little things like that." Last year he was the Associate Director of Publicity for the Esplanade Concerts, and since last May 1 he has been with "Playhouse."

Ask how he happened to become connected with that paper, he replied that "I was asked to write an article for it, and I wrote it, and the next issue carried an announcement that I was going to be on the staff."

Herbert A. Berman, '34.

ALUMNI NOTES

Tom Bilodeau, '32, of old repute, has been elected President of the Freshman Class at Harvard College. Anthony S. J. Tomasello, '33, was made Secretary of the same class.

The Harvard University Gazette has mentioned the following members of the class of '33 for honor performances in the entrance exams: W. A. Beardslee, K. C. Bernstein, A. B. Bronstein, G. W. Brown, M. Cohen, S. G. Cohen, L. R. Danziger, R. F. Dine, M. Elkin, I. G. Fine, A. J. Finkelstein, H. R. Glodt, M. H. Heins, E. G. Helford, S. B. Helperin, W. M. Hoffman, S. I. Kaplan, M. Koslow, S. M. Levenson, N. M. Leventhal, I. Liansky, M. Liinenthal, J. W. McCarthy, P. Megalonakis, H. B. Miller, H. J. Myers, H. H. Nexon, L. Orris, M. Richter, H. J. Rosen, C. Rosenzweig, E. L. Silberburg, J. Sugarman, W. J. Sullivan.

From Yale we hear that Bernard A. Herman has received the officer's sword, presented to the senior student who demonstrated superior leadership qualities during the season's series of military drills.

J. A. Sullivan, '34.

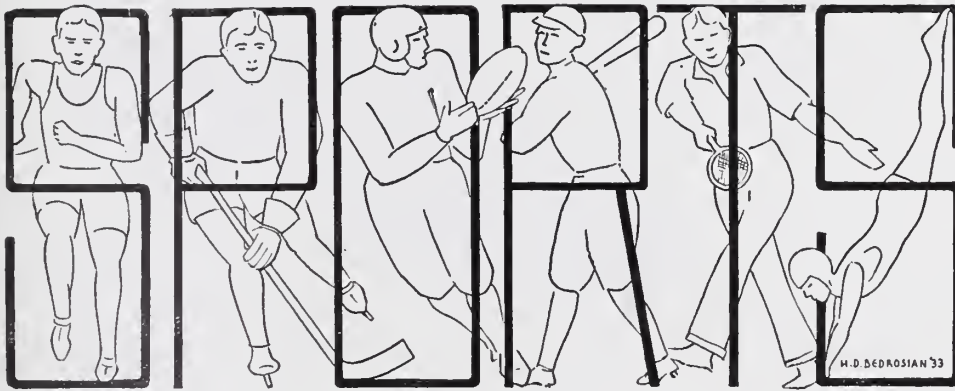


DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Benjamin Apthorp Gould was appointed headmaster of the Latin School when only a senior at Harvard? His predecessor withdrew from the school "because it was in such a state of disorder that he could not control it." . . . An old law at Yale forbade undergraduates to wear their hats within ten rods of the president, eight rods of a professor, and five rods of a tutor? . . . In 1910, 50 per cent was made the passing grade? For some time previous it was 45 per cent . . . One of the old advertisements in the REGISTER reads: "Learning Greek and Latin by this method is like going down a gentle incline on a high-grade bicycle" . . . Mr. Capen, who died at the age of eighty-seven, devoted fifty-seven of them to the Latin School? . . . "Viri boni" does not mean "lazy-bones"?

. . . Horseshoeing is taught at Michigan State College, broadcasting at Oglethorpe University, sleeping at the University of Texas? . . . "Germanus fugiens" was translated, "The flying Dutchman"? . . . Juggling has been taken up by room 219? . . . Professor Seaver, who spoke recently at the school, was Editor-in-Chief of the REGISTER for 1895-1896? . . . Iubet vicissim" does not mean what it says? . . . Ezekiel Cheever, a former headmaster, wrote a Latin grammar which was used for 150 years? . . . The early New England schoolmasters taught six days in the week, not less than eight hours a day, beginning at times at six o'clock, the year round? . . . "Remacadamizing" is made up of five languages?

Harry Pollard, '35.



MEALING AND MAULING AT GROTON

Prying open the lid of the scholastic baseball season, a potentially powerful Latin unit ran roughshod over a green Groton nine to the tune of 17-3 in seven innings on April 11. However impressive the score appears, the game cannot be taken as any criterion of future success. "Hira" Hall and "Bull" Belecewicz led the bombardment with three bingles apiece, the latter's assortment containing two triples.

Hall started the ball rolling in the first by walking, stealing second, and registering on an overthrow at third. In the second frame, "Rud" Hoyer was passed and stole second. "Doc" McVey followed suit, and both scored on Belecewicz's booming three-bagger to left. The latter counted after Anglin's outfield fly.

Foley strolled to open the fourth. Hall smashed a hot shot through the box, and McCarren walked. "Buddy" McLaughlin, the "baby-talker," socked a single over second, and two more runs clattered across the platter. "Buck" Benson drove in another pair with a double and scored himself on Hoyer's single. Belecewicz didn't let

Hoyer linger long on third when he blasted a one-baser to right.

"Buddy Mac" enlivened the festivities in the fifth inning with his first homer of the campaign. Hall's base knock was the signal to open fire in the seventh. McLaughlin walked and Hall scored when the Groton infield did a juggling act on "Bucky" Benson's grounder. Hoyer pulled a fast one, though at an odd time, when he manipulated a double squeeze, McLaughlin and Benson registering. "Rud" stole second with everyone watching, and "Doc" McVey sent him home with a shot to center. With the kind assistance of the Groton infield, "Doc" moved on to third and ambled home on "Bull" Belecewicz's second tremendous three-bagger. "Bull" ended the rout when he crossed the plate on "Bud" Davis' infield hit.

Foley, Davis, and Gill divided the hurling assignment, with Frank particularly effective. The only long-distance blow Groton struck was Johnny Feary's wind-carried circuit clout over the left field banking in the fourth inning. Among the Purple hits able to be tabulated were one two-bagger, three triples, and one homer.

R. O. Ulin, '34.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Hear ye! Hear ye! "Buddy" McLaughlin actually took a history test! . . . Dame Ineligibility has led many poor souls from the baseball limelight to the river Acheron. Among those lamented spirits are "Jack" Dever, "Red" Tully, "Jack" Cullen, and "Dizzy" Dean . . . Many former Purple luminaries are now cavorting in foreign baseball "unies." "Dick" Walsh is pitching a fine grade of ball for the Harvard freshman nine. Needless to say, "Tom" Bilodeau is going great guns for the same outfit. Frank

Moran is holding down the first base job on the B. C. freshman unit. At Huntington, "Vin" Wright looks as if he has regained his old twirling form. "Tom" Sheehan ought to shine at Bridgton Academy if he has fully recovered from the football injury which rendered him null and void in hockey. "Specks" Kelley will cover the short field berth on the Holy Cross yearling team. Nuf ced! In the Harvard boxing championships, Gross, Palilonis, and "Johnny" Brassill won their share of bouts.

OPPORTUNITIES IN MUSIC AND DRAMA AFTER GRADUATION

Your high school activities have given you opportunities to participate in musical and dramatic events as a member of the school orchestra, band, glee or choral club, and the dramatic club. After graduation you should continue some form of musical or dramatic study if only to enjoy one of the greatest pleasures and satisfactions which can add zest to living.

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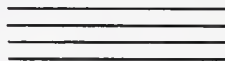
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